

THE PACIFIC



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Broken Pinions.

I walked in the woodland meadows,
Where sweet the thrushes sing;
And I found on a bed of mosses
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed the wound; and each morning
It sang its old sweet strain.
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soared as high again.

I found a youth, life-broken
By sin's seductive art;
And, touched with Christ-like pity,
I took him to my heart.
He lived with a noble purpose,
And struggled not in vain;
But the soul with a broken pinion
Never soars as high again.

—Hezekiah Butterworth.

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Patience is the ballast of the soul, that will keep it from rolling and tumbling in the greatest storm.—Bishop Hopkins.

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THE PACIFIC

FIRST PURE, THEN PEACEABLE; WITHOUT PARTIALITY AND WITHOUT HYPOCRISY

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal.

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

Thursday, August 28, 1902

Co-operation.

Two of the largest wholesale stores in the world are operated by co-operative societies in England; and some of the co-operative factories are the largest in that country. Eight ocean steamers, owned and operated by co-operative societies, have made it possible for them to buy and sell in all the great markets of the world. Through these co-operative societies the cost of getting goods from the producer to the consumer has been reduced from thirty-three and one-sixth per cent to six and one-half. Some such co-operation in California as would reduce the cost of transportation and the expenses of the middlemen would be a great boon to a long-suffering public. To a great extent transportation dominates production; and, as Edward Berwick, a prominent California farmer, said recently: "One may own a veritable garden of Eden, and grow all things pleasant to the eye and for food; and yet if he have not cheap transportation, be a pauper. In the last decade the Pacific slope has, in part, become such a garden, but the gardeners too frequently are virtual bankrupts. If one inquires why, the answer is that transportation has eaten up all the profits." Lately, the conditions have been such in California that it has not been possible for people living in the cities to procure good fruit at a reasonable price, although in the country fruit has been wasting under the trees. But the producers have not had big prices; the difficulty lies partly with the transportation companies, and partly with the middlemen of various kinds. Eastern people, who have been here of late, have marveled at the fine displays of fruit, but they have not found fruit as cheap as it is in Michigan, in Illinois, in Indiana and Ohio. All things considered, it is not surprising that the producers in some parts of the State are endeavoring, through co-operation, to deal less with wholesaler and more with the retailer. Doubtless, the increased price of labor for handling has added to the cost of fruit and vegetables passing through the hands of the middlemen, but it is difficult to escape from the conclusion that somewhat more than a fair profit has been accruing to the latter at the expense of the producer and the consumer.

The pastor of the First Congregational church of Oakland speaks to large congregations every Sunday,

but the sermon by him which we publish this week will reach a much larger number of people than it reached from the pulpit. It is a sermon which ought to have wide reading. The tendency is for character to become fixed, and in this sermon there is a much-needed warning. No one can tell when the border line is passed; but there is a border line, beyond which it seems to very many to be the teaching of both Scripture and science that there will be no turning back. May this sermon, as it goes forth to this wider reading, serve to fix many hearts more steadfastly on that life which grows ever brighter and better unto the perfect day!

That was a royal reception and hearing which the church-going people of Oakland gave the Rev. Dr. R. F. Coyle of Denver in his old church last Sunday morning and evening. The Rev. W. N. Burr writes of the morning service. In the evening, a quarter of an hour before the time for the opening of the services, there was not a vacant seat in the large auditorium, and when Drs. Coyle and Baker went into the pulpit at half-past seven there were at least a hundred persons standing. The congregation that evening numbered not less than 1,600. Oakland, evidently, is quite a church-going city, for there were at the same time at the First Congregational church, only three blocks away, a congregation of 1,400, and a large one also at the First Methodist church.

President Graves of the University of Washington has tendered his resignation. It is understood that he will take some post-graduate courses in Eastern and European universities. However, since graduating from Columbia University in 1890, he has had from Boston University in 1892 the degree of Ph.D., and was a graduate student at Harvard in 1893-1894. In 1897 Heidelberg University, Ohio, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Literature, and Hanover College, Indiana, that of Doctor of Laws. Dr. Graves is a Congregationalist, and has been a member of our University church in Seattle most of the time since he went to Washington to occupy the position from which he has resigned. He leaves the State University in a far better condition in every way than when he began his work with it.

Our Loyal Readers.

The articles in The Pacific last week on religious journalism have brought several letters from our readers, showing the estimate which is placed on this paper. Although it was stated in one from one of our lady readers that it was not for publication, we do no violence to that statement in giving a quotation from it, omitting, of course, the name of the writer. She says: "This is a personal letter, not for publication. But I have just been reading the last 'Bystander,' and your editorial comment; and as an old subscriber I cannot resist saying a hearty "Amen!" to the latter. Into our home there likewise come a San Francisco daily, and both the New York Independent and The Outlook—all of them valued; yet in no sense whatever do they meet the same needs as The Pacific. For instance, in no other way can many of us keep in familiar, stimulating touch with woman's missionary activity on this Coast. Then there are the interesting, often suggestive and helpful bits of news about the different churches and friends; these are always appreciated. It seems as though right here could be applied what this last Pacific says about 'flocks.' We Pacific Coast churches need just such a paper to help make us acquainted with each other, to help us understand and value our work, and to hold us together as a Congregational 'flock.' Oh, I love our 'Pacific,' and would, if possible, subscribe, not for two copies, but for a dozen." This is an expression from one only of a large number of persons thoroughly loyal to The Pacific, who regard it as absolutely indispensable in our church work.

From a Southern California pastor comes the following: "I have just laid down The Pacific for August 3d, which reached me this evening. I have enjoyed the contents much, as usual. Referring to the quotation from the Portland Oregonian, would like to say: The religious weekly may be 'an interesting relic of our imperfect earlier days,' but I am still imperfect enough to feel the need of a good, strong religious weekly, such as The Pacific, in every issue of which there is tonic, food, helpfulness. My daily has laid on the table unopened this evening while I have read The Pacific. I have enjoyed a good meal and I shall scan the daily, briefly, as a light desert before retiring. Long live The Pacific, and our religious weeklies in general! I have contended for a lower price and a larger circulation, but time and the wisdom and experience of those at the helm will bring the good ship through safely."

What we have here quoted is from the Rev. H. E. Merrill, pastor, at San Jacinto. From the Mexican line to British Columbia we know the feeling of the pastors, and that almost without exception it is in line with much that is expressed herein.

As stated last week The Pacific is in better condition today without a dollar of aid than it was five years ago with a subsidy of fourteen hundred dollars. All that is needed now is the pushing of the circulation up to a higher point, thus meeting certain emergencies which

are sure to arise if this is not done. Indeed, some have arisen already to some extent—not enough, however, to endanger the paper—and the editor and manager realizes that these must be met, and preparations made for the forestalling of others or for a speedy meeting of them if they do appear. The churches have been asked to share in the expense of the upbuilding of the circulation. They are responding and will respond; and we are not desponding as to the future of the paper after having brought it from its position five years ago to its position today—nor shall we despond or despair. God's guiding hand has been in the affairs of The Pacific. There have been marked indications and evidences of this during recent years. If any one wishes further information, let him come and ask of the present writer, who might tell him some things then that he does not care to put in type.

A Daily Newspaper Editor's Interest in Missions.

There is in Fort Wayne, Indiana, a newspaper man, editor and proprietor of the Daily Sentinel of that city, who would be a sort of *rara avis* among such editors on the Pacific Coast. This man, Mr. E. A. K. Hackett, is not only a believer in foreign missions, but is considerably above the average in his support of that work. Along with Mr. John H. Converse of Philadelphia, he has been for some time a very generous giver to missions. It is said that their interest was enlisted by individual effort; and, therefore, impressed by that kind of effort, they have agreed with the Missionary Board to pay the expenses of a suitable man who should go about the country in an endeavor to awaken in other individuals an increased interest in the work in foreign lands. We mention especially the great interest manifested by Mr. Hackett because of the fact that he is the editor and proprietor of an influential daily paper; and his action in this respect is in so marked contrast with that of a large number of editors on the Pacific Coast during the last two years, who have taken every opportunity to belittle the foreign missionary work and the influence of the missionaries. If it had not been for the religious papers there would have been a very erroneous idea as to missions implanted in the minds of the people during the recent outbreak in China against the foreigners. The religious papers are not published every day, but they are published often just in time to counteract the pernicious influence of some article in the daily papers, relating to the matters of the church kingdom; and which would, if allowed to go unchallenged, weaken interest in missions even on the part of many church members. The pulpit is far from meeting all such pernicious influences. And it is not the province of the pulpit to meet them; to do so would be to depart somewhat from its regular work. It needs in this and in other lines to be supplemented by the religious paper. When all editors are as Mr. Hackett is this need might be lessened; but even then it would never entirely pass away, for the reason that the daily paper, at its best,

never will be what the religious weekly is and will be. The time will come when the daily papers will better inform themselves as to religious matters, and then they will not make the bad breaks that are so frequently made at the present time; but the daily is not intended to give the large space to religious interests which they demand, and it never will be. Its scope is far too extensive for that.

The Bystander.

On Pastoral Visiting.

The Bystander heard the matter of pastoral visitation discussed the other day, and has been reflecting upon the duties of the pastor, on the one hand, and the demands of the people on the other. The Bystander has often been impressed with the place such work has in the active ministry, of the idiosyncrasies of people, and the experiences the pastor meets as he moves among his flock. Such work is confined almost exclusively to preachers. Neither the school teacher, the doctor, nor any other public servant visits his constituents, unless we except the politician before election. The pastor is expected to call on members of his church once or twice a year, when he meets the women of the house. To meet the men he must go to their places of business. The time for calling is usually in the afternoon, between the hours of two and five. If he wishes to be ultra-fashionable he will call after four o'clock. His talk usually is made up of generalities, sometimes glittering, and sometimes not. The average pastor will find that people are divided into several classes.

First, the invalids. These must be seen, and with a purpose. The pastor who willfully neglects the sick is a failure as a pastor. He must know when and how to call, what to say, and to be subject to the instruction of the nurse or physician. Theological professors must teach young men how to visit the sick. Common sense must dictate as to spiritual instruction, such as praying, reading the Scriptures and rendering the delicate assistance in the last great hours.

Second, the poor, the hopeless, struggling, discouraged people in the parish, who are in trouble, and often in financial straits, must be looked after with kindly care. The pastor must be socially democratic, but if he errs in his social emphasis let him err on the side of poverty rather than riches.

Third, the sensitive. In every church will be found a large class of people who never come to church unless called upon. Their absence is a sign of sensitiveness, a gentle reminder that the pastor must call. There is coldness and indifference, and the pastor, if he be at all susceptible to such influences, will fill a pew the following Sunday by making a call during the week. It matters little what he says during this call, but it must be made. Every pastor is acquainted with this strange streak running through all our churches. These are often the very people who do not need the time of a busy man's life, but they are more exacting than any. There is no real reason why they should be visited. They are not ill, not poor, neither are they in trouble, but they are always the first to remark that their pastor "does not visit." It happens sometimes that the time of the good man would be more profitably occupied if he used it preparing for the following Sunday, and the people in question would help the church along by going out and doing some necessary calling themselves. In Norway the stage-driver calls out when a grade is reached, "First-class passengers keep their seats; second-class passengers get out

and walk; third-class passengers get out and push." The churches are loaded down with people who neither walk nor push, but "sit still," while the minister tugs away.

Fourth, the class who are shy of pastoral visits, who find themselves in the predicament Lincoln was in when the servant said to a caller, "Mr. Lincoln says he is asleep!"

Pastoral visiting, however, is very necessary, and while it is an endless task in a large church, where strangers are constantly seeking such attention, it is very profitable, both for minister and people. The Bystander remembers with pleasure far back in his childhood days, when the pastor came, how he would assist in putting up his horse, sit with the good man at the table, feel the touch of his hand upon his head, reverently kneel in prayer, and hearken with boyish enthusiasm to his conversation adapted to a boy's needs.

The Bystander does not remember many sermons, but he does remember with pleasurable emotions the pastors of the village church who came to his father's house and left light and love and inspiration behind, and he recalls the devotion of his father and mother to these good men who came, not only to each chicken, but to bless a home and lead a boy into the ministry. Great, good, strong pastors are still needed, and the men who preach to small congregations but minister to a large parish, as pastors are sure to have their reward.

It is to be regretted that in a large and busy city the old-fashioned visit of the pastor is impossible.

Lyman Abbott Interviewed.

A religious London periodical has interviewed Lyman Abbott. What the interviewer says is quite as readable as what Dr. Abbott says. In the personal sketch the writer says: "He has no affinity with the constitutionally lymphatic section of humanity, but is a capital specimen of the nervous Yankee type of temperament. In his physique, however, he is exceptional for his race. Dr. Abbott is rather short and slender, wiry and nimble. The men of America are tall and thin, or short and inclined to be thickly built. Thus Dr. Abbott does not look in any respect like an American. Strange to say, he does not speak much like his compatriots. Thus it will be seen that he is characterized by a very marked individuality. When interrogated he instantly begins to walk about, after the lively manner of Mr. W. T. Stead, whom he greatly resembles in figure and in mannerism, although he is a much more fluent and animated speaker. Every clever American I have ever known loves to talk on his feet. The curious alternative is apt to be a recumbent attitude with the feet on the table."

The reporter goes on to say that he "preferred to reply to such queries as suited his own fancy rather than mine. He appeared to know all that could be known of almost any question of popular interest."

Dr. Abbott was asked about the function of the preacher which he thinks "is to build men up in moral and spiritual character, not to construct systems of theology except as he uses them instrumentally for the building-up of character."

He answered questions on the effect of the Biblical Critical Movement, which he considers good, and the prospect of the disappearance of sectism as hopeful.

In answer to the question, "What has been the lasting influence of Henry Ward Beecher's ministry locally and nationally?" Dr. Abbott said: "The old Puritanism regarded God as a Governor, the Bible as a Book of Laws, religion as founded on conscience. The new Puritanism regards God as a Father, the Bible as a Book

of Counsels, and religion as founded on love. No one in America has done so much to bring about this radical change, which it will be easily seen underlies many of the changes in modern thought, as Henry Ward Beecher."

From a Rambler's Note Book.

W. N. BURR.

A church man, free for a time to stroll about on Sunday from church to church and hall to hall, finds the heart of the matter under a great variety of outward demonstration—if he looks for it. And it is the heart of the matter one ought always to look for in a religious service. The "diversities of operations" are not the whole thing; he who is wise goes deeper to find that "it is the same God which worketh all in all."

Last Sunday was a feast day—and we sat at several tables. The announcement that Dr. R. F. Coyle of Denver was to preach to his former people at the First Presbyterian church, Oakland, attracted us, and we worshipped with the Presbyterians in the morning. In the large auditorium there was scarce a vacant seat, either below or in the gallery. How much easier it is to fill a large church than a small one! Some of us wonder sometimes what the pastors of these large churches find to keep them reasonably humble. Dr. Baker may have his down-sittings as well as his uprisings, but the pleasant-faced pastor of the First church looked as if he were walking a very smooth pathway these days as he entered the auditorium and looked out over the sea of faces before him. And Dr. Coyle, who was with him—well, we all know Dr. Coyle. California loved him so that he had to be sent to Colorado to keep him from being spoiled.

In there, shut away from the street sights and sounds, we were being lifted up in spirit under the restful strains of Guilman's "Pastoral from 1st Sonata," when the two pastors came to the platform. The service for worship which followed made very real the presence of our God; and then Dr. Coyle spoke, on "The Barter of Life," from the text, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or, What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" It was the sermon of a man of convictions, who has thought deeply on the problems of life, and who is earnestly giving himself to warning and urging and pleading with men to buy for themselves the best that is offered in the market place of life. "We have to deal with a keen bargain-maker," he declared. "What nature demands we must pay. We are never given something for nothing. For every step forward we have to pay toll. Indeed, every step in any direction is under the control of nature's system of exchange. For watches we have given up the savage's instinct of time. For street cars we have forfeited the use of our legs. For the arts of peace we lose the heroic virtues of war. Liberty of thought is one of our gods; but often the price we pay for it is the loss of moral energy. At every step we pay. To obtain *this* we must give up *that*. A man is intent upon gaining for himself business sagacity, but he gains it at the loss of sympathy for the struggling masses of men. "All the kingdoms of this world will I give thee if"—Rome gained the whole world, but lost her own soul. France repeated the awful tragedy. America—in view of some things that we see, one cannot but ask, Is not America in danger of losing her soul? Are not men bartering away their souls for that which is of lesser value? What is it to lose the soul? It is to let selfishness grow, to let the weeds of life have their way until they have the whole field to themselves. What

is it to save the soul? It is to exchange the lower for the higher, to exchange the mere cross of gold for the cross of Jesus Christ and follow after him. Every word of the text is charged with solemn and infinite meaning, for it is the word of the Master of the True Life, to men. When *He* rings the bell there are rocks in the channel. He does not use words lightly. *What* shall a man give in exchange for his *soul*? And when the exchange has been made think you he shall ever get his soul back again?" It was a searching, timely sermon.

In the afternoon we went to hear Booth-Tucker at a great meeting of the Salvation Army at McDonough Opera House; and there was Dr. Baker again shaking hands with the Salvation Army men. He had become a rambler, too, a man of freedom, because he had somebody to preach for him that day, no doubt.

Dr. Coyle could be a pessimist if he were not a devoted follower of him who cried, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Booth-Tucker is an optimist who encounters as many discouragements as any man, but keeps a cheery heart and a cheery face, and speaks only the cheery word. "The work of the Salvation Army is growing; thousands of souls are being saved every year; the day of Pentecost is being more than duplicated all the time," he exclaimed, with his genial face aglow; and then he went on to tell what the Army is doing. "We are bringing the Hindoos of India to Jesus, 20,000 of them a year. They are going in for the fashion of the skies over there, putting on the Jesus color—red. As a temperance association we are doing a great work, though we make it a side issue. The gospel of Jesus Christ is the best cure for alcoholism in all the world. We are even making advances along literary lines—publishing a paper that has a circulation of 1,060,000 copies a week, and making money out of it with no advertisements. Our poets are scribbling all the time, scribbling about salvation. Our musical composers are turning out five thousand new hymn tunes every year. Our social relief operations are being carried on through many wellmanaged institutions. And we have colonies started here and there—one here in California, down in Monterey county." It was a glowing talk by a man with a glowing heart. An appeal was made for money for a Salvation Army building for Oakland, and the afternoon service closed with an appeal to the unconverted, drawn by the commander from the parable of the ten virgins. Later, the ten-year-old, who sat beside me remarked: "Well, I think I know now the difference between Booth-Tucker and Booth Tarkington." And thereupon I smiled, and did some little thinking of my own concerning the comparative usefulness of the two Booths.

At 6 p. m. we were at the First Congregational church to attend the Twentieth anniversary of the Christian Endeavor Society of that church. Dr. McLean, the longtime pastor of the First church, presided, and nearly all of the men and women to whom parts had been assigned were ex-presidents of the society. One of them was—well, when he came in and went to the platform I overheard a lady behind me say to her companion, "There's Sunshine Williams." It was the man from Saratoga, "Aloha," the man who picks acorns from three oaks. He made a sunshiny little speech on "Interdenominational Unity." Mr. Arthur Moore spoke on "Service," Mr. Frank Sadler on "Spiritual Life," Miss Harriet G. Merriam told briefly the story of the original society, and then Mr. C. Z. Merritt spoke of "some of our members, who are out in the field filling official positions in Christian work." It is a roll of which any C. E. Society

might be proud, including the number of pastors, pastor's wives and missionaries in the foreign field, the names of some of them being familiar to Congregational workers everywhere. Letters from some of the absent ex-presidents were read by the present President of the Society. Dr. McLean spoke briefly on "The Relation of the Local Society to Our Church," and the pastor, in calling for the offering, seconded and urged the suggestion made by one of the early members that the Society of the First church pay for the electric lighting of the Fourth Congregational church of Oakland, whose building had just been dedicated that afternoon.

We attended evening service at our First church, and heard the second of Mr. Brown's sermons on "The Modern View of Early Bible Narratives." Human nature in the Garden of Eden and the human nature of today were shown to be of the same stock. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil grew in the Paradise of God. It had to be so. Some ask, "Why did not God make a world without evil?" He has made such a world. The birds know nothing of moral evil. But character demands it—it *had* to be.

East Oakland, August 25, 1902.

The Dedication of an Oakland Church.

It was a highly gratified church people who assembled last Sunday afternoon in their new building on the corner of Thirty-sixth and Grove streets in Oakland. A few months ago, acting as it seemed to them and to many others for the best interests of their own organization and Congregationalism in Oakland, the Fourth Congregational church sold its property on Thirty-fourth and Adeline to the United Brethren, and cast about for a new location. A lot was purchased later at Thirty-sixth and Grove, and the construction of a new edifice was begun and pushed rapidly to completion. All who viewed it last Sunday afternoon pronounced it a beautiful edifice and one well adapted for the work for which it was constructed. The auditorium has a seating capacity of 240, which capacity can be increased to 440 by throwing open the sliding doors leading into two very cozy rooms adjoining it and directly in front of the pulpit. At least 500 people could be seated by the placing of chairs in all accessible places. Between three and four hundred people assembled there Sunday afternoon to participate in the dedicatory exercises. We noticed the following named ministers in attendance: Rev. Dr. J. K. McLane, Revs. C. R. Brown, W. H. Scudder, B. F. Sargent, J. H. Goodell, W. A. Tenney, J. W. Phillips, C. S. Nash, W. S. Urmy, who is pastor of the Methodist church near by, T. G. Lewis of Byron, R. C. Cherington of Kenwood, John Simpson of Manchester, England, and E. T. Dunstan of Sydney, New South Wales.

Prof. Nash offered the invocation. Dr. Urmy read the Scripture lesson and spoke of the pleasure he had in being present. He said to the church: "I believe you will succeed; there is room for you here. J. W. Phillips said that he and his church knew from experience of the struggle and sacrifice through which they had gone to reach the place where they stood, and that he could wish them no better wish than that they might become a great power for Christ in that part of the city. B. F. Sargent brought warm greetings from Berkeley.

The sermon was by Rev. C. R. Brown on "The Place of the Church in the Community Life." He spoke of the teaching church, the loving church, the serving church. Christ was a teacher, so must the church be a teacher, for the church is for the manifestation of Christ; it was intended as the agent of his purpose. When Christ

wishes to reach out today to help and bless he does it through his church—and every real church of Christ is a loving, a serving and a teaching church.

After Rev. Alfred Bayley, the pastor, had stated that the cost of the property was \$9,303, and that \$700 were needed to meet indebtedness and to secure the \$1,500 loan from the Church Building Society, Dr. McLane proceeded to enlist the congregation in an effort to pledge the needed amount. He spoke of Jacob's well in Palestine, giving out water yet today, although many centuries had passed away since it was opened there for that ancient people. We are making here today, he said, a flowing well, which shall long be for the refreshment of the community; for this church was called of God to be where it is.

Cards were distributed and without any unseemly urging \$717 were secured in a short time.

Then came the prayer of dedication and thanksgiving by the Rev. J. H. Goodell, who, as the voice of the united congregation, prayed that the place might be in very truth the living altar of God—a place where many should find the very peace of God and worship him in the beauty of holiness.

At the close the Rev. Alfred Bayley, the pastor, gave hearty thanks to all who had aided in the work; and throughout, pastor and people showed that cordiality and spirit which bespeak for the church a strong desire to make their organization in very truth a loving, serving, teaching church.

Members of the choir of the First church were present to lead in the musical part of the service.

Without debt, except the \$1,500 loan from the Building Society, which is to be paid in ten annual installments without interest, the Fourth church of Oakland enters happily and promisingly on a new and wider field of usefulness.

Dead Teacher or Living Lord?

BY S. M. FREELAND.

Does it make a difference—important difference—to us which we have?

One of our Ecclesiastical leaders says that it was a mistake for the "Orthodox" of Massachusetts a century ago to separate themselves from their Unitarian brethren. If it makes no difference of any moment whether the Church has a living, caring Lord, or only the words of a dead, departed teacher, then is discussion, earnest discussion, and separation of religionists over such a question all a mistake. "But Channing and all the conservative Unitarians, believed in the resurrection of the Christ?"

That is true, and therefore many of the Unitarian Congregationalists of our time are more rationalistic than their fathers of 1802. But, living or dead, any belief which puts the Christ away from his work in the world is a very different thing from the faith which brings the Lord of the gospels and the apostles into direct, present, personal relations with his followers. The thinking, the praying, the working, the Bible study of these people are altogether different; what affinity can there be between two sets of people so unlike in all their religious thinking? "Both can be good peoples and respect one another?" Most certainly. But there are many good people who can make one another woefully uncomfortable when they are close together.

It is, and is to be, the deciding question: A Living Lord, or a Dead Teacher?

The Tendency of Character to Become Fixed.

BY CHAS. R. BROWN.

"Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed" (Luke xvi: 26).

There is a certain cast-iron hardness about this parable of "The Rich Man and Lazarus." You cannot bend it nor twist it to suit your personal preference. There is no soft spot in it where a mean man or a lazy man can lie down and feel comfortable. It stands up before you grim, stiff, ominous.

These sombre aspects of the truth have their proper place in Scripture as in human experience. Life is not all ice cream and chocolate eclaires; it could not be so without serious loss. The man who is fed straight through on spoon meat, never setting his teeth on anything hard, grows soft and pulpy. We ought to remember all this in setting the Lord's table with the bread of life.

Those of you who worship habitually in the First Congregational church of Oakland hear much of the boundless love of God, of the infinite redemption wrought by Jesus Christ, of the splendid opportunities for the development of Christian manhood, of the triumphs of intelligent faith in the various walks of life. But I should be a traitor if I failed to also set before you those truths of the gospel which find their main usefulness in the warnings they utter. I wish therefore to speak to you today about the truths of this parable, especially as they illustrate the tendency of character to become fixed, of moral decisions to become irreversible.

In the first place the fault of the man who found himself in perdition was negative. He made moral failure; he found himself cast out and condemned in the day of judgment—what had he done? Which one of the Ten Commandments had he broken? No crime is mentioned. Killing, stealing, adultery, profanity, lying, drunkenness—none of these is laid at his door. There is no hint that he had acquired a penny of his wealth wrongfully. He gained a competence, ate well, dressed well, enjoyed himself. There is nothing wrong in this. It was not the wicked things he had done, but the record of what he had left undone that sent him to perdition.

Selfish inhumanity was his fault! There lay at his very gate, where he saw the fellow every time he passed out or in, a sick beggar named Lazarus. The sufferer was so helpless he could not drive away the dogs that came and licked him in the face. The well-to-do man did not utterly disregard the beggar—Jesus did not paint monsters of wickedness, but rather such types of selfish indifference as we find in the world about us—"the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table" were given to the hungry sufferer. The fact that he received these scraps and morsels of kindness accounts for his lying there. But men who are sick and dying need something more than "crumbs" of consideration. So the neglected man finally died, and because he represented opportunity for social service brought to the very gate of the rich man, the charge of selfish inhumanity is established.

The Son of Man "knew what was in man." His accurate knowledge of our nature appears in his warnings. He knew how men would say, "We have not done anything so very bad. God ought to be good to us." He knew how we would say, with our feeble standards, in praise of another, "He never injured anybody in his life." You could say the same about an eucalyptus tree! The man who is free from crime, innocent of active wrong-doing, may nevertheless be narrow, selfish, stingy, lazy, indifferent to the needs of the world visible from his front gate!

Therefore Christ uttered his plainest warnings as to the peril of leaving duties undone. Study the parables of judgment in the teachings of our Lord and you will find them aimed constantly at sins of omission. The foolish virgins did not stoke the wedding procession, nor utter mean insinuations against the bride—they simply neglected their duty by failing to have oil

in their lamps and were consequently shut out in the dark. The souls that were set on the left hand among the goats and sent away into everlasting punishment had simply failed in being positively useful along Christian lines. They had not robbed the poor nor poisoned the sick nor fleeced the stranger. They had simply gone their ways, doing nothing at all. "Inasmuch as ye did it *not* * * * depart from me." The one talented man, whose opportunity was taken away and who was cast into outer darkness amid wailing and gnashing of teeth, had not been doing wrong with his talent—he had been doing nothing at all with it. So the rich man in this parable was simply lacking in those positive qualities which are obligatory. Selfish inhumanity, inattention to those claims which God and human need have upon us, was the damning sin!

In the second place, by this moral neglect and indifference he passed beyond recovery. We need not press the parable on all fours. I have no sympathy with those who feel that every item is full of detailed information about the future world. It is a word picture and in every picture details are thrown in, not misleading, but subordinate to the central object and meaning of the picture. We always look to the center rather than at the details for the main lesson.

As a result of moral neglect the man found himself in perdition. His discomfort arose both from mental anguish and from the situation where he was. Discomfort in this world is both inner and outer—there is no warrant in Scripture or in reason for supposing it to be otherwise in the life to come. And, saddest of all, it was a condition from which there was no deliverance—between him and the more desirable states of being and of environment, "there was a great gulf fixed." He made several appeals on his own behalf and on behalf of his brothers, who were apparently traveling the same road of moral indifference, but all to no purpose. The parable ends without a suggestion of any success in that direction; the man is left on the other side of a great, fixed gulf.

My friends, I believe absolutely in this plain, firm teaching of Holy Scripture. And it receives, as I shall show later, abundant corroboration from the teachings of science and the trend of human experience. If there was a shadow of doubt in my own mind about the truth of it I would not dare to stand here and speak words so solemn. There is moral failure which passes beyond the hope of recovery! You and I and all men walk at one time along what is a mere crevice no wider than my hand. A step is more than enough to carry us to the opposite side. But we walk along, on this side or on that, until the crevice widens; it becomes a ravine, a canon, a great gulf fixed, and there is not stone enough on earth to bridge it over or fill it up. Persistent moral neglect passes beyond remedy, and when we would cross from here to there we cannot, for "there is a great gulf fixed."

Notice who it is that utters these words! Not Paul trained in the strictest school of the Pharisees, and perhaps sharing to a degree in their limitations! Not Peter, quick, impulsive, eager in word as in action, and sometimes overstepping the bounds! Not James, dry, prosaic, matter of fact, untouched it may be by some of the more generous sentiments that fire the human heart! It was not one of these subordinate servants, but the Master himself who spoke the solemn words! He whose mercy was like the Father's "enduring forever"; he whose whole life was one unbroken redemptive effort; he who made his own love for imperfect people the standard forever—"Love one another as I have loved you"; he who died upon the cross praying for the enemies who were killing him—he it was who said, "There is a great gulf fixed; there is moral failure that passes beyond remedy."

In the face of these plain declarations of Christ himself, whose tender compassion for an ignorant, sinful world so far outruns my own, I am cautious about shaping my life or my message after the utterances of those sanguine people who have

something brighter to say. I listen reverently and eagerly when devout and gifted men, like Tennyson and Browning, Whittier and Farrar, William Ellery Channing and George A. Gordon, sing of "The Larger Hope"—

"Oh yet we trust that somehow good,
Will be the final goal of ill;
That nothing walks with aimless feet
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

I would give my right hand to feel profoundly sure that all this is true! I would then go up and down the world, beckoning men with the other hand to come and hear good tidings of great joy! But in the face of the plain, stubborn words of Christ in this parable and elsewhere and with the corroboration that comes from a careful, thoughtful survey of the world about us, I cannot yield my own assent. It still seems clear that moral neglect may continue until it has passed beyond remedy.

So I pass to the third point, and ask what is meant by this "great gulf" which cannot be crossed. The language is that of Oriental parable, but the meaning is plain. The inability of the man to cross from here to there did not arise from the contour of the ground nor from any arbitrary decree of God that, after a certain date opportunities for moral change should be withdrawn. The inability was in the man himself. The great gulf represents the tendency of character to become permanent; good or bad, it reaches a point where, in its dominant features, it is fixed and abides.

You see this in every-day life. The first outloud oath a boy utters brings a flush of shame to his cheek. But he swears on until profanity becomes a persistent habit. He opens his mouth and "it swears itself." To stop swearing would be like the effort to stop talking; between him and the clean, reverent speech of a normal man there is a great gulf which, somehow, he feels himself unable to cross.

Every drinking man has seen the time when he could sit down beside his glass of liquor as free as you or I would be beside a glass of water. He could drink it if he chose or empty it on the floor; he could drink half of it and throw the rest out of the window. He was master of the situation. But the day came when he could no longer do that. The liquor had him by the throat. He really wanted to stop, but there was an abnormal appetite, a weakened will, a nervous, thirsty, diseased body, that yelled all day for rum. When the man tried to walk back to where he was in the days of sobriety, he could not go. Who was holding him? Something which he had built up within his own life. Between him and the sane, sound man, who walked by whisky bottles and beer kegs as free as air, there was a great gulf dug out by his own hands.

The same principle holds true in moral neglect on planes above these coarser vices. The greatest scientist of the century sadly told us some ten years before he died, that his love for poetry, his interest in music and pictures, his delight in the beauties of nature and all his religious feeling were practically gone. As to these capacities in his nature he was atrophied. Between the satisfactions to be found along those lines and him there was a great gulf dug by his own neglect through his exclusive absorption in physical science. He saw the unhappy result of his course and made mournful confession as to his sense of loss.

You may live a prayerless, godless, unloving life until the habit is fixed. Your lips refuse to move in prayer. Your heart fails to make the normal response when the name, the idea, the truth of God is held before you. Between you and the worshipful, prayerful, trusting life, there is a gulf dug by the neglect of your own spiritual life. We ignore the finer values at our peril—by and by they are beyond our reach.

This persistence of type, when once clearly defined, has its

good as well as its sad side; it helps us when we stand on the right side of the crevice. There is a perseverance of the saints as well as a perseverance of the sinners. Good character tends to fixity. Choose the right ten times and it will be easier to choose it the eleventh time. Choose it ten thousand times and you may say it is morally certain your choice will be right the ten thousand and first time. Live along certain lines until the atmosphere of God's presence, the power of Christ's redemption, the exercise of prayer, the habit of useful service become the native air of your life, and it becomes almost impossible that you should sink to the low lands of moral indifference. Between you and such a course there is a great gulf fixed by the habits of many years.

The contemplation of the gulf as a fact of the individual life wrought out by persistent choice removes the artificial and arbitrary look that this parable has sometimes been made to wear. It brings the moral lesson of the passage into line with all that physiology, psychology and moral experience have to show us. There is a constant tendency toward a persistence of type that both environment and individual decision seem powerless to essentially modify. The question is however, "Is anything impossible to penitence and trust, in this world or in any world?" I surely hope not—it would seem a blot upon the moral government of the world if men anywhere bent upon living new lives could not receive forgiveness and aid. But suppose penitence, trust, and the new determination have become morally impossible to the man through persistent neglect?

Take a plain case—two girls yonder in San Francisco have gone wrong and are living wickedly. One of them tonight is crying bitterly, ashamed to go upon the street and look a pure woman in the face, crushed by her fall! The other is flip-pant, careless, defiant, seemingly content and happy with her line of life; she calls the first girl a fool. When you ask her to leave it all and come out, she laughs out a defiant refusal. Her own content and satisfaction with evil mean that her desire to change is gone; the possibilities of penitence and trust seem dead. She finishes her course there, cut off from purity and goodness by a great gulf which she dug ever deeper and deeper by her own persistent choice of wrong.

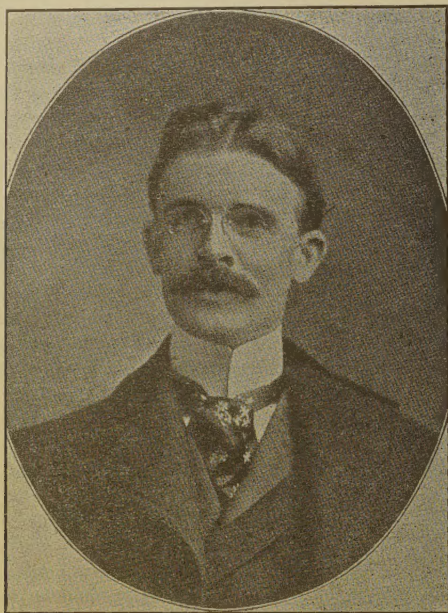
This is an awful sin, but no more awful perhaps in view of her inheritance and surroundings than the sin of those who, born to respectability, refuse the moral consent that would make them active, useful, joyous Christians. Much more is expected of us than that we should keep out of jail and innocent of crime. God did not break the silence of heaven and send his Son to die upon the cross merely to lift us to the level of decency. It is for us to be children of the Most High, to enter upon the life eternal, to render useful, faithful service to the kingdom that is to have no end!

It seems easy to some of you to make such a decision whenever you choose—it is only a step across the line. How hard it is you do not know—you will only learn when you undertake to put your life unreservedly on the side of Christ. But the breach is widening every hour! You may go on piling act upon act, habit upon habit, year upon year, until what you have done is like solid masonry. The walls you have built enclose the ditch you have dug and the nobler life once so easily within reach stands on the farther side. Our only safety lies in standing firmly on the side where Christ is; then as acts become habits, and habits become character, and character becomes permanent we shall rejoice in this principle of persistence. It will mean that we are becoming pillars in the temple of our God to go no more out.

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round."

Pacific Theological Seminary.

Pacific Theological Seminary began its thirty-third year's work last week with an increased number of students in attendance. Among the students this year is Mr. Naka Mura of the German Reformed College at Sendai, Japan. He has been a teacher there, and comes to Berkeley for post-graduate work, so as to be better enabled to carry on his work in Japan when he resumes it.



William Frederic Bade.

Professor William Frederic Bade arrived from the East early last week and entered upon his work as incumbent of the chair of Old Testament Language and Literature. We give here his picture. One week from next Monday he will address the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity.

Professor Thomas Cowden Laughlin, who has been selected for the chair of New Testament Greek and Exegesis, will enter on his work in October.

Notes and Personals.

Rev. J. B. Silcox has declined the call from the First church of San Diego.

The church at Grass Valley has called to the pastorate the Rev. Frank E. Dell of Astoria, Oregon.

Prof. Arthur W. Greeley of the chair of Zoology in Washington University, St. Louis, is spending a few weeks with his parents, Rev. and Mrs. F. N. Greeley.

Six sermons by the Rev. H. W. Lathe, who was, until a few weeks ago the pastor of the First church of Pasadena, are to be published by the Reality Publishing Company of Los Angeles.

The Rev. John Simpson of Manchester, England, who supplied the pulpit of the Fourth Congregational church of Oakland during the pastor's absence in England last year, is in Oakland again.

Rev. W. C. Wise, a graduate of Pacific Theological Seminary, and for several years pastor of the Congregational church at Chelan, Washington, died last week in

a hospital at Denver, Colorado, after undergoing an operation for appendicitis. Mr. Wise was an Episcopal rector at the time of his death.

Rev. F. L. Nash of Watsonville, Cal., sailed for Hilo this week, where he goes to take charge of the First Foreign church, from the pastorate of which the Rev. J. A. Cruzan resigned recently. Mr. Nash is a Presbyterian, but has had Congregational training and affiliations also.

The Rev. E. T. Dunstan, until recently pastor of the Pitt Street Congregational church of Sidney, New South Wales, arrived in San Francisco a few days ago. Mr. Dunstan has long been one of the most popular ministers in New South Wales, preaching to evening congregations of 1,500 to 1,700 persons.

Next Monday, at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, the Rev. Dr. Cherington will speak concerning Professor Allen's "Life of Phillips Brooks." The following Monday the address will be by Professor Bade of Pacific Theological Seminary on "The Literary Craftsmanship of Isaiah."

The Ontario church is contemplating the erection of a parsonage. The Record says: "The matter was given up some time ago, owing to the high prices of labor and materials, but the continued inability of the pastor to secure a suitable rental house has again brought the matter up for consideration and it is quite likely that a parsonage building will soon be erected."

The church at Santa Barbara has extended a unanimous call to the Rev. W. C. Merrill of Lynn, Massachusetts. Mr. Merrill's many friends on the Pacific Coast will be glad to have him in California once more, and his acceptance of the call will be good cause for rejoicing in Congregational circles. Mr. Merrill was pastor formerly at Sacramento and San Diego; also assistant pastor of the First Presbyterian church of San Francisco.

The Pasadena News of recent date says: "The North Congregational church is greatly improved by the enlarged belfry and its new tenant—the fine new bell, which is the first to raise morning echoes of the quiet Sundays in North Pasadena, and is the gift of Dr. H. M. Field and family. The bell is of moderate size, weighing about 500 pounds, but of a fine tone. Cast in the rim in letters some three inches in height is the verse, 'Happy is that people that knows the joyful sound.'"

A large number of the members of Plymouth Avenue church, Oakland, have decided to unite with a Presbyterian church on Telegraph avenue and Walnut street. Plymouth avenue property will be sold and the Congregational work at that point will be discontinued. Doubtless those who identify themselves with the Presbyterians will find a very pleasant church home and much more usefulness in the work of the kingdom than by continuing where they are at present.

Woman's Home Missionary Union of Northern California.

The annual meeting will be held at the First Congregational church, Oakland, Thursday, September 18th. This will be the fifteenth anniversary, and the program is to be of especial interest. Sessions at 10 a. m. and 1 p. m.

Addresses will be given by Rev. C. R. Brown, Mrs. G. R. Alders (Pansy)—a missionary story—and by Mrs. T. C. Edwards of San Jose. *Laura T. Perkins.*

In Memoriam.

Entered into Rest.

Tonight in our beautiful "Rosedale" Cemetery there is a new grave, the last resting place of a "mother in Israel," Mrs. C. H. Bosbyshell, whose name has long been a household word in many a Los Angeles home, always mentioned with love and reverence. Why? Because of her loyal devotion and never-ceasing effort in the service of the Master, to whom she consecrated her life more than half a century ago.

In the First Congregational church of Los Angeles, of which she had been a member for fifteen years, her presence, her words of counsel, her wise judgment and her generous support will be sadly missed.

In all Christian and philanthropic work the city over, she will be missed, for, quietly and unostentatiously, she has given a helping hand, never wearying in her labor of love. Years ago, down in the slums of Los Angeles, in the old "Ducommun Mansion," once a handsome home, in a respectable neighborhood, but, like the houses and streets around it, left behind in the southward and westward sweep of the city, I learned to esteem and revere Mrs. Bosbyshell. In all the rooms and corridors, and over the trodden earth of the neglected garden crowds of boys swarmed; merry, shabby little gamins, some of them, and others shooting into young manhood.

A "happy family," noisy and turbulent at times, making the house ring with their chorus of shouts, but as well behaved as could be expected from an unfettered collection of homeless waifs. This was the nucleus of the News Boys' Home, which has grown into a modern commodious building, free from debt, in which friendless boys are sheltered and shielded from temptation with loving watchful care.

At the suggestion of Mrs. C. H. Bosbyshell, a call was issued from the various churches of the city for a meeting of all ladies interested in homeless, friendless boys, May 19, 1890, the result of which was the formal and permanent organization of the News Boys' Home Society." All these years she has been a member of the Board of Trustees, and the success of the Institution, in a great measure, may be traced to her earnest appeals and persistent efforts in its behalf. When others were discouraged, in view of the empty treasury, as the responsibilities increased and the expenses became heavier as the family grew, Mrs. Bosbyshell's faith in God and in the large-hearted men and women of Los Angeles never wavered. She lived to see her prayers answered beyond her fullest expectations. In the years to come many a self-made man will look back gratefully upon the days spent in the Los Angeles News Boys' Home, remembering the generous people who gave it support, and especially the loving, motherly interest of Mrs. C. H. Bosbyshell.

"We cannot say, and we will not say
That she is dead; she is just away,
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
She has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It need must be since she lingers there.
Think of her still as the same, we say;
She is not dead! She is just away!

—Frances E. Bennett.

Los Angeles, August 19th.

Digging the Grave of Protestantism.

[From "The California Christian Advocate."]

The President of the American Federation of the Catholic Societies, which met in Chicago the 5th of August, said: "Infidelity, agnosticism, or absolute indifference is already digging the grave of Protestantism in the United States. A most important mission of the federation of the fraternal, social and charitable Catholic societies is to secure the layman's part in helping to make this country Catholic." This is a bold utterance and doubtless expressed more nearly the end for which the Federation was formed than anything else that was said during the convention. From a Roman Catholic standpoint it ought not to be a surprise.

If Mr. Minahan, the President, means to make this country Catholic by the suppression of Protestantism, his idea is doomed to an early disappointment. It is true that "indifference" binds the mighty sinews of Protestantism, but its vitals are sound. The blood runs red in its veins. There is, however, no harm in digging the grave. That is about the only thing at which infidelity is a pronounced success.

Mr. Minahan goes on to say of Protestantism: "With this pulpit denying the divinity of Christ, that one questioning the Trinity, another entirely eliminating God, and all joining in open attack upon some sensational portion of the revealed truth, . . . the intelligence of Protestant America already openly rebels."

Anent this paragraph "The Christian Advocate," New York, says: "It is well for us to know what the Catholics are doing, and also what they think they see. There is reason to fear that they have more to help them today within Protestant churches than they have ever had since the grand division in which our liberty of worship was established and Protestantism principles were enunciated."

Few men know Protestantism so well as Dr. Buckley knows it. We regret that he did not go on and designate the agencies at work in Protestantism which help Roman Catholicism. When Dr. Buckley declares himself specifically, we shall be ready, no doubt, to agree with him. In the meantime, we do not concede the ground so strongly taken by the President of the Federation of the Catholic Societies. The noise that is made by the secondary "higher critics" is far out of proportion to their significance as a factor in Protestantism. We are not convinced that the tremendous theological activity of the present time is all or largely destructive. The real leaders of the church are moving reverently. The great Protestant heart has always tolerated a theological liberty which has perplexed and alarmed the Catholic Church. It is easy under the stimulus of a great Roman Catholic convention to say that the Protestant pulpit denies the divinity of Christ, the doctrine of the Trinity, the personality of God, and the authority of the Bible, but it is quite another thing to furnish valid evidence. We could retort on Romanism and empty upon it some vials of doom from nearly every Catholic country in the world, but we don't feel like doing so. We seek no religious strife. The interests of the Kingdom are along the highways of peace and good will. These are the only things we contend for.

In thee God's promise is Amen and Yea;
What art thou to us? Prize of every lot,
Shepherd and Door, our Life and Truth and Way—
Nay, Lord, what art thou not, —Christina Rossetti.

When Christ makes a man whole he makes him holy.

A witness is worthless unless he knows the truth.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. W. H. SCUDDER.

The Prophet Like Moses. (Deut. xviii: 9-19)

Lesson X. September 7, 1902

Diviners, enchanters, sorcerers, charmers, wizards, necromancers! What were these? A few words will help us to understand the prohibition of verse 9.

All forms of human sacrifice are horrible enough, but they rise to a climax when they lay claim to little children. The mother, casting her babe to the crocodile in the sacred (?) waters of the Ganges parallels but does not equal in horror that of the Canaanites habit of making their children pass through fire to determine the will of the heathen god. The manner in which the child came out of the ordeal by fire was supposed to indicate the mind of the god, or the practice may have been thought a safeguard against calamity. Think of the awfulness of sending one of our fresh-faced, pure-skinned, little girls or boys through a circle of flame, exposing them to scars and lifelong deformities, and then think of the depraved mind which could suppose that God wanted such a horrible mode of making known his mind to man.

"Divination" appears to be a general name for determining the future, embracing all or most of the other forms expressed in the catalogue of names or phrases in verses 10 and 11. It is a wide term denoting that inviolable desire on the part of human beings to gain knowledge of what will occur in the future. "One that practiseth augury" was one who sought the mind of the god by drawing lots in some way not known to us, possibly by inscribing arrows with words, shaking them in the quiver and using the first that fell out as the answer to the inquiry.

The "Enchanter" was one who used water as a means of foreknowing the future. Sometimes offerings were cast on the waters of a river, or as in this reference the water was gathered in a bowl, or cup, and the glint of the light on its surface gave the required information. A very instructive reference is given in Genesis xl: 5.

Sorcery was a department of magic much practised by the ancients for the difference between the two departments (See Ex. vii: 11 and Acts xiii: 8). The latter now passes under the term "black art." The magician used herbs and drugs as the basis of his work, the sorcerer used unintelligible phrases, incantations, and the like to produce his results. Naturally, then, the reference to the "sorcerer" is followed by the "charmer," for they belong to the same class.

The next three fall into a single class with specific differences. They all pretend to consult spirits. The first, a particular spirit, which became so intimate as to be called the "familiar spirit." The second had a wider range and pretended to communicate with any of the unseen spirits. The third seemed to devote themselves more particularly to the spirits of departed people, and may have had something to do with the heathen practice of ancestor worship. (Very interesting and instructive articles on these subjects are contained in Hasting's Bible Dictionary under "Divination," "Magic," "Soothsaying" and "Sorcerer.")

The widespread influence for evil of all such practices needs but a mention here, but it should be emphasized before the class, coupled with the words of verse 12. The conscience needs to be thoroughly aroused in regard to these practices, because they are an "Abomination to Jehovah," our God. Israel had to be educated

ism has among us, the advertisements in every paper of mediums and clairvoyants, and the signs hung in windows of fortune-tellers, forecasters of your future and reader of your fate, speak in loud strains of the present-day prevalence of that which is termed "an abomination to Jehovah," our God. We may surround all these things with a halo of religiousness, and pretend that the sacredness of the feelings, or the importance of the subject should warrant the absence of trifling, deception, or fraud, but the fact remains that the practice of all those acts leads to evil, and are both senseless, and "an abomination to Jehovah," our God. Israel had to be educated in the truth of Jehovah; so have we, and warnings based on the relation these practices have to God is the only certain method of dealing with them. Leave them alone because God tells us to. "Thou shalt not learn to do after the abominations of those nations." This brings us to the first point of the lesson—*God educates us by warnings*. The Israelites were about to enter a land where these evil practices were prevalent. It was either a victory for good or for evil, as these newcomers stood aloof from or associated with the customs already so thoroughly entrenched. It was necessary that God's ideas should prevail, and his religion supplant that which passed for religion among the Canaanites, and the only way to accomplish it was by educating a people in his thoughts and purposes. So, warnings against those things which were abominations in his eyes are given. The lesson is easy of application to present-day religious needs.

2. God educates us through ideals.

"Thou shalt be perfect with Jehovah thy God" (v. 13). Any people with low ideals like those Canaanites must come to grief, and so must every individual. It is an acknowledged fact that the laws, incentives and purposes given to the Hebrews were so much superior to those of the surrounding nations as to form lofty ideals which would separate them from their neighbors, and make them a distinctively religious people. Notice the emphasis laid upon the want of lofty ideals in the words, "And because of these abominations Jehovah, thy God, doth drive them out from before thee." Having low, abominable ideals, they practiced them, and became as abominable as their ideals. Times differ little, though centuries intervene. The present is no exception to the great law that the higher inevitably dispossesses the lower, and the way to the higher is in lofty ideals. And the lower ideal always seems to thrust itself before men, with innumerable followers. Low plays, questionable shows, fashionable gambling, pleasure resorts with unrestricted opportunity for indulging illicit desires, prize fights, watered stocks, enticing lotteries—oh, the thousand lower ideals about every one entering life. They are all disintegrative in their tendency. The inevitable result of following them is being cast out before that which is higher. Are we, as Americans, being educated?—note that it has been through the lofty ideals held persistently before us, and quietly followed. God educates us through ideals, and there is no end to the endeavors necessary on our part to attain to them. Grand, indeed, is our history, but there need be no boasting, only profound thankfulness. If others have failed for lack of ideals, remember that "as for thee, Jehovah thy God hath not suffered thee so to do." He is still ahead of us with far loftier ideals than now exist among us. Let us diligently seek them and open ourselves to divine education through these ideals.

3. God educates us through substitution.

After the restrictions in regard to divination and the

establishment of a high ideal, God gave the people a substitute for that which had been prohibited. The great craving placed by the Creator in every one of us is recognized, and a legitimate method of satisfying it is given. The prophetic office into which Moses had been initiated was to be perpetuated, and the prophet was to occupy the place in Israel, that the diviners held in the heathen tribes. Thus all legitimate endeavors to ascertain the divine will were provided for and encouraged. The words bear that significant characteristic of Hebrew prophecy, which is so noticeable. If it starts with the time of utterance as a present, it sweeps majestically on into the future, takes everything of similar nature in its course, and holds the key to the future. Thus the words, verses 15 and 18, starting with Moses, include those prophets raised up from time to time in the national history, and culminate in the Prophet of Nazareth. Whatever resemblances we may find in Jesus and Moses, and they are striking in a number of instances (see Numbers xii: 3, 7, 8), the one central fact to be retained is that the prophet was the representative of Jehovah to the people. In this respect Jesus is pre-eminently *the Prophet*. He is the one through whom the will of God is to be discovered; he is the Mediator between God and man. Thus he is the great substitute whereby we are educated in spiritual matters. This is but a single illustration of the point here made. There is always some substitute of good for evil, and the great basis of education for God's people is in substitution, his ways, his words, his self.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. Ben. F. Sargent.

Ready for His Coming. Luke xii: 31-40.

Topic for September 7, 1902.

Jesus had been saying to his disciples, "Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for your body what ye shall put on. After these things do the Gentiles (who are unconscious of a heavenly Father's care) seek." But Jesus bids his disciples and us to have

BETTER THINGS TO MIND AND PURSUE.

These better things are, to the child of the king, the "kingdom of God." This is the kingdom of which one becomes a citizen, when he is "born again." He is no longer a child of nature, but of grace. His supreme care now should not be *things*, but *righteousness*. The outer self no longer takes the first place. The spiritual life, his own, and the waiting world's, are with him, first. First to seek, highest to esteem, greatest of all.

BETTER THINGS TO EXPECT.

The worldling has only this world, but the children of the King have this assurance, "It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Over that kingdom lies the atmosphere of peace that no storm may disturb that peace. Christ says, "Fear not, little flock. Your Father is caring for you."

Why should the child of a king fear? Of what ought he to be afraid? Of pain? Christ helps us bear it. Of poverty? Christ himself was poor and glorified poverty. Of having to work hard? Work for Christ is a badge of honor. Of trouble? But no trouble can come *between* you and Christ—not "life nor death nor angels, nor things present, nor things to come," to separate you from the love of God in Christ Jesus. These, then, will but press you closer to Christ. Then fear not, little flock of Endeavorers. You, too, have princely lineage and princely rights. Do princely service and you

shall have a princely inheritance. The smallest Endeavor Society has all that the largest possesses—the promised kingdom. And it is not a promise for the future, but present. Each Christian enters that kingdom by his royal birth and proves his right to be there, by his princely service and demeanor. If truly a prince of God he will make the

BETTER DISPOSITION OF HIS LIFE.

He will help others as well as himself. He will divide with the poor. He will buy the truth, selling all prejudice, and party bias, and all self ease to obtain it. He will lay up treasure in heaven, and where his treasure is, his heart will be. This will guide his choice of an occupation. His talents will not be used for enriching himself, but for enriching mankind. It will guide him in choosing a location, and even influence his choice of friends. It will also lead him to the

BEST ATTITUDE TOWARD CHRIST.

This will be the waiting attitude. Waiting upon Christ in service and waiting for Christ in devotion, and glad expectancy. He will not be afraid of service, for it is divine. He will not be afraid of death, for it is promotion. His only fear will be that he may not be found "ready" when his Master shall call.

No one is ready to go into company, especially *such* company, who has not clean hands and a pure heart. Only such can "ascend into the hill of the Lord." So he "will follow sanctification (R. V.), without which no man shall see the Lord."

And no one will be ready to go whose work is not done. Not the world's great work, for God has other workmen, but your work. The work you promised him to do when he forgave your sins; the work you promised the Society to do when you became a member. The committee work which you promised to do—is it done? If not, you are not "ready." Tonight's Judgment Day finds you "speechless."

There are many comings of Christ. Christ came in the ten Theophanies in the Older Testament. Christ came in the flesh at Bethlehem of Judea. Christ came at the destruction of Jerusalem. Christ came as a Spiritual Manifestation at Pentecost. Christ comes now in signal dispensations, touching life deeply. Christ will soon come to each of us at death. Christ will come at the end of the age with mighty spiritual Presence.

Some of these have past; some are present, and some just before us—nearer than we think. The Christian is not afraid to die if his work is done and his "lights burning." Moody was ready and he said, "I see heaven opening. God is calling me." A dying infidel said, "It is a leap in the dark." Teach your Juniors not to be afraid to die. Teach them that Christ came to dispel the fear of dying and to release every Christian from that fear, who would, otherwise, be "all his lifetime subject to bondage" (Hebrews ii: 15).

To teach others this, you must experience it yourself. Do not put away the thought of your translation as an unwelcome one. Seek to dwell upon its advantages, physical, intellectual and spiritual, till you become convinced that it will be a "gain to die." I have stood over a hundred coffins, and have tried to read that truth in the faces of those gathered about. Let everyone read it in your face, Endeavorers, and in your tones, but first write it on the tablets of your hearts. "There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes."

He who is the remedy for all sin is the remedy for all sorrow.

This poem is in connection with the Christian Endeavor article. It was unavoidably separated from it.

His Coming.

(Abbreviated from the Changed Cross.)

"It may be in the evening,
When the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight
And watch the sinking sun;
When you hear the village children
Passing along the street
Among the thronging footsteps
May come the sound of My feet;
Therefore I tell you: Watch,
For it may be in the gloaming
I will come.

"It may be, when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand;
When the lights are out in the house,
And the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
Beside the bed.
Though you sleep, your heart must watch,
For it may be that at midnight
I will come.

"It may be at the cock-crow
When the night is dying slowly
In the sky,
And the sea looks calm and holy
And the morning star is fading, fading,
Over the hill;
Behold I say unto you: Watch!
Let the door be on the latch
In your house;
In the chill of the morning
Between the night and the morning,
I may come.

"It may be in the morning,
When the sun is bright and strong
And the dew is glittering sharply
Over the lawn;
With the long day's work before you,
You rise up with the sun,
And the neighbors come in to talk a little
Of all that must be done;
But remember that I may be the next
To come in at the door,
To call you from all busy work
Forevermore.
As you work your heart must watch,
For the door is on the latch
In your room!
And it may be in the morning
I will come."

So I am watching quietly
Every day,
Whenever the sun shines brightly,
I rise and say:
"Surely, it is the shining of his face
And when a shadow falls across the window
Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head, to watch the door, and ask
If He is come;
And the angel answers sweetly
In my home:
"Only a few more shadows,
And He will come!"

"The Elegy of Faith," a study of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," by Rev. William Rader, will be issued by Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York, in October. The work has been done by the Merrymount Press of Boston.

Church News.

Northern California.

San Francisco, Ocean View and Sunset.—There is a very good attendance at both places. The offering for foreign missions Sunday night at Sunset was over \$20. A Bible class, which meets every Friday evening in the pastor's study is doing an excellent work.

Etna.—Superintendent J. K. Harrison spent a week with us in Scott Valley. His stay, though short, was full of help and uplift for all our churches here. Our church at Etna enters upon its fall work with new courage. The building has been repaired within; new pews and other needed improvements. These were the gift of the Ladies' Aid Society, small in numbers, but great in ambition and untiring in energy. Special service was held by Superintendent Harrison in recognition of the recent improvements.

Niles.—The Niles church enjoyed very much a sermon by Rev. Walter Frear on August 10th, presenting the work and claims of the American Board. The offering for Foreign Missions, which followed, is the largest in the history of the church, \$78. Of this \$20 is given to the Woman's Board of the Pacific. A Men's League has recently been organized at Niles to assist in the conduct of a Sunday evening service. There are committees on membership, ushering, program and printing, and entertainment. This new form of work opens quite hopefully. Rev. F. H. Maar is to lecture under the auspices of this league on September 5th.

Southern California.

Pasadena, First.—With keen disappointment the news was received that Rev. L. F. Buell of Syracuse, New York, wishes to withdraw his acceptance of the call to the pastorate recently tendered him. A church meeting was called for August 27th to release him officially.

Pasadena, Lake Avenue.—Rev. S. G. Emerson of Lake Avenue has gone with his family for the month of August to Santa Barbara, where he preaches in exchange with acting pastor Culver. August 17th, Lake Avenue pulpit, was filled by Dr. Atterbury of China, who contrasted the Buddhist, Mohammedan and Christian religions as to their origins and fruits. Workmen have a ten-room parsonage nearly ready for occupancy by Pastor Emerson.

Los Angeles, First.—The First church has issued a card giving the dates of five Sunday evening addresses on "The Opportunity for the Life of Service in Different Life Vocations." Four of these are by laymen, representing their own life work. The first one was given last week by Dr. Frances A. Seymour, for over twenty years a practitioner of medicine in the city. His topic was "The Opportunity for the Life Service in the Medical Profession." The other topics will be, "Opportunity for the Life of Service in Business," by J. Ross Clark, Second Vice-President San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad; "In the Law," by Judge Lucien Shaw, of the Superior Court of Los Angeles; "In Journalism," by S. T. Clover, editor of the Evening Express; "In the Ministry," by the junior pastor of the First church, Wm. Horace Day.

Washington.

Ritzville, First.—The church, after paying all bills for current expenses up to July, presented the Rev. F. E. Whitham, the pastor, with \$100, and gave him two

months' leave of absence. Mr. Whitham has spent the time in the mountains of Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho, hunting and fishing. During his vacation he preached eleven sermons, baptized eight persons and received twelve into the membership of the little church at Newport.

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes

The Free Evangelical Congregational church of Providence, Rhode Island, of which the Rev. Dr. Elwin House has been the pastor, adopted resolutions recently, expressive of their regret at the loss of their pastor, who has accepted a call to the pastorate of the First church of Portland. The resolutions express gratitude for and appreciation of his ministry. Quotation from them is made here as follows:

"We would record our gratitude for the manliness of our pastor. By this we mean the somewhat remarkable combination he possesses, of entire independence and fearless loyalty to truth and right, as he sees them, with openness of spirit. As a preacher, his message has been direct and forceful, both to the unconverted and to the church, and fruitful. Large numbers, for the time of his ministry, have been added, the church has been quickened, and we are more ready to go forward. In the pastoral relation, Dr. House has been unusually faithful, a personal friend, sympathetic and true. As the leader of the parish, he has proved himself versatile and efficient. His business capacity has called forth the commendation of our business men. The finances have felt his influence in a most marked way, means having been provided for improvements of church property while a floating indebtedness has for the first time in years been somewhat reduced. But in the spiritual work our pastor has shown his chief value. By his devotion, tact and generous consideration, he has been enabled, not only to enlarge our membership, but to raise the standard of Christian character and lay the foundation for greater usefulness in the future. Changes have been made in our creed; the Society abolished; the By-Laws have been shortened and simplified; all being brought about with a remarkable freedom from friction, or even serious disagreement. The warm, tender spirit of God has pervaded our church in all these matters, and our pastor is largely to be credited for this influence. * * * Nor would we fail to mention that we have been fortunate in our pastor's family. There has been a full and hearty sympathy on their part in our work, and we would hereby most earnestly express our gratitude for this aid. With unremitting devotion Mrs. House has given her musical talents to the church, and largely through her efforts the Ladies' Aid Society has done its efficient service in the church. And we shall not forget the boys, the bright child's face in the choir and the scholarly young man, both of whom we shall be sorry to miss from our midst. But to conclude: As a church and individually we are to suffer loss. It is with keen regret and sense of sacrifice that we consent to the separation. But we are confident that Dr. House has made this decision in the same obedient spirit that he has here taught and exemplified. We therefore encourage him, even at our sacrifice, by sympathizing with his purpose, by trusting his motives, by a cheerful farewell, and by prayer for his larger success. And we make bold to plead with our sister church in Portland that our sacrifice in their behalf be not in vain, but that in larger measure than we have done, they may support his ministry in every

possible way, and be permitted to enjoy its long duration."

The Council called to dismiss Dr. House unanimously adopted the following minute, and forwarded a copy to the Portland church:

"*Whereas*, The Rev. E. L. House, pastor of the Free Evangelical Congregational church of Providence, Rhode Island, has resigned the pastorate and accepted call to the First Congregational church, Portland, Ore., and this church has accepted the same; therefore, be it
"*Resolved*, That we sanction the action of the church and declare the pastorate dissolved."

"We desire to express our high appreciation of the successful work accomplished by our brother, in a difficult field; his soundness in the faith; his enthusiastic devotion to the work of the pastorate; his magnetic influence for good with the young people; his cordial relations with his brother ministers, who hold him in esteem.

We commend the church for the loyal support given their pastor. We extend our sympathy in the loss of so valuable a laborer, and express the hope that a faithful shepherd may soon be found who will lead this people on to enlarged usefulness."

Rev. Howard N. Smith, the new Superintendent of the C. S. S. and P. S., preached at the Oregon City Congregational church today.

Rev. Mr. Sprague and wife, who have been missionaries of the American Board in China for twenty-five years, worshipped with the First church at the morning service today. They have been spending a few weeks in New York among relatives, and will take the steamer at Seattle tomorrow for their mission field.

Hood River Valley is rapidly coming to the front as a locality where strawberries are a veritable bonanza. Returns from this year's crop show a production of 60,000 crates from 450 acres, which sold for \$125,000 at the depot. For 1903 there will probably not be less than 600 acres under cultivation. The basis of this satisfactory business is quality, and great care is manifested in every stage of handling to keep up and add to the already well established reputation this locality has secured. The White Salmon Valley just across the Columbia river, immediately north, produces an equally good fruit, and a little earlier. The market, which is constantly growing, even more rapidly than the supply, is in Montana, the Dakotas, and even as far east as Omaha, the excellence and solidity of the berry permitting long shipments without deterioration.

Portland, August 24, 1902.

Were there no God, I still would thank
the source, though all unknown,
Wherein are born the joys of men, the
gifts I call my own.
The heart impels the tongue to speak,
since to my lot belong
A woman's love, a sheaf of grain, a lily
and a song.

The savage beast, the poison vine, the
evil of the earth—
I know not if the good and bad were only
one at birth;
But all the world seems gracious when I
set against the wrong
A woman's love, a sheaf of grain, a lily
and a song.

—Waterman.

We never go straight till we turn to the Lord.

Soft souls cannot endure hardness.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

President.....	Mrs. A. P. Peck.
	819 Fifteenth street, Oakland.
Treasurer.....	Mrs. S. M. Dodge.
	1275 Sixth avenue, Oakland.
Home Secretary.....	Mrs. W. J. Wilcox.
	576 East Fourteenth street, Oakland.
Home Secretary.....	Mrs. R. E. Cole
	1367 Castro street, Oakland
Foreign Secretary.....	Mrs. C. W. Farnam
	Fruitvale.
Branch Secretary.....	Mrs. H. E. Jewett
	2511 Benvenue avenue, Berkeley.
Superintendent Young People's Work.....	Miss Alice M. Fliut
	60 Santa Clara avenue, Oakland.
Recording Secretary.....	Mrs. S. F. Bufford
	1814 Sutter St., San Francisco.

Program for Annual Meeting.

10:30—Devotional exercises.

Reports of secretaries, treasurer and superintendents of Young People's Department and of the Cradle Roll. Address by Miss Lucy Durham, who is to sail at 1 p. m. for China.

Greetings from boards of other denominations.

11:15—Roll call of auxiliaries, with report of Home Secretary.

Paper, "What Does an Interest in Foreign Missions Do for the Smaller Churches?" Mrs. R. B. Cherington, Kenwood.

Address, Miss Mary Perkins, India.

Address, Rev. Wm. Rader, San Francisco.

The annual meeting will be held Wednesday, September 3d, in the First church of San Francisco.

Southern Branch.

A Talk on Programs.

It is not new to say that a bright instructive program does not come by chance; it is the result of thought and effort. The best program for a missionary meeting is one that increases our knowledge of missions and our gifts to missions. A good program will enlist others, and in some degree those who hear will realize the fact, that no matter what responsibility every Christian may have. Every Christian has his or her responsibility to the heathen world. In preparing a missionary program we must aim to reach the different classes who may be present. Not one Christian in twenty-five notes the results of missionary work. Not one in twenty-five notes the open doors; therefore, in planning a program, keep in mind the many who need to know the fields, who need to know the missionaries, and who need to know the needs, for Christian women will not be interested in a thing of which they know nothing. Some societies are far advanced in the study of "Via Christi," while others may not know that this United Study is the result of a long contemplated plan to unite all Woman's Boards of Missions in the United States and Canada in a more thorough study of missions—"Via Christi" begins with the time of Paul, and follows the march of Christianity through eighteen centuries. Auxiliaries have been asked to give this plan a fair trial. Some may find it not simple enough, but missionary magazines are supplementing the text book by helpful suggestions.

Separate study classes are not feasible in these days when we are driven to death with classes. Every woman in the church should own "Via Christi," for "it will be

seen that from first to last 'one increasing purpose runs' the desire to make Jesus Christ known to the world, that the only entirely successful missions have followed the consecration of selfless souls who have made Jesus Christ the center of their message, and continually restated his purpose in the world 'to draw all men unto himself.'"

One pastor is trying to enlist the whole church by devoting one Wednesday evening a month to the study of "Via Christi" under the old name "Missionary Concert." A committee was appointed from the Ladies' Missionary Society to arrange programs. The committee found the suggestions in L. and L. helpful. Two meetings were given to each chapter.

Announcement was made from the pulpit that Scripture verses to be given by the audience would relate to the Great Commission. The earliest Christian hymn was sung. Talks on given topics were limited to five minutes. The pastor prepared a chart of great names and great events. These were selected from the list given with each chapter, using only the most noted names and events; also emphasizing the dates at the beginning and ending of each period. The congregation was drilled from this chart for five minutes; as a result the names of Paul, Polycarp, Patrick, Boniface and others, of-whom some knew very little, are now quite familiar. Three concerts have been given the interest growing with each one.

Auxiliaries using "Via Christi" will need to condense greatly. Have the Scripture lesson or selections "show that we have been brought out of darkness into this marvelous light." Articles on the different themes should not be read, but condensed into bright, short talks. Have some one conduct a catechism on the chapter, question those present upon the contents, providing that the chapter has been read by those questioned. It will require labor on the part of some consecrated woman to remind the indifferent ones to read the chapter at home before the meeting, but it will create interest. "There's no excellence without labor" is as true of program-making as of other things. Be careful to let the timid ones answer. Give all the questions to be asked to each woman who may be at the meeting one week before. Where many have a part many will feel the responsibility. This text book is an inspiration, but it should be supplemental to the denominational work when used in the auxiliary meeting. Why? It is here we inform or educate the newly enlisted as to the nature, the need and importance of our work.

We must keep ourselves and others in living touch with the work and workers. The needs, trials and successes of our fields must receive more than a glance. They must be thought about, talked about and prayed about until our own hearts are all aglow with missionary zeal, for "it is just as easy to communicate zeal as it is to communicate the measles. Have a good thorough case of it yourself, and you are bound to go about giving it out on every hand." A. E. L.

"If peace be in the heart,

The wildest winter storm is full of beauty;

The midnight lightning but shows the path of duty;

Every living creature tells some new, joyous story;

The very trees and stones all cast a ray of glory,

If peace be in the heart."

No man can know liberty till he knows restraint. No man can know how to step till he learns how to stop.

Our Boys and Girls.

The Conceited Coins.

"I'm just as good as silver!"
The Nickel proudly cried;
"The head of Madam Liberty
Is stamped upon my side.
I am as white and shining
As any dime can be—
He needn't put on any airs,
I'm twice as thick as he!"

"I'm every bit as good as gold!"
The Penny blustered loud;
"That tiny, thin gold dollar—
He needn't feel so proud;
For all his airs and graces
I do not give a fig;
I'm burnished just as bright as he,
And half again as big!"

But when the Cent and Nickel
Went out upon their way,
Alas! the world still held them cheap
Whatever they might say.
The Double Eagle smiled. "You'll find,
He said, "that par is par;
It doesn't matter how you boast,
But what you really are."
—The Outlook.

The New Girl.

"You couldn't spare me a very little money, could you, father?" Janet leaned over him as he counted some bills.

"If it is for something positively necessary, my daughter."

"I can't say it is exactly that; but I never get a cent of pocket-money now, father."

He sighed heavily as he answered: "I know it, and I'm sorry; but the pressure seems harder and harder every year. Wants seem to increase faster than the means of supplying them. Hand this to your mother, Janet."

"Forgive me for worrying you, father. I ought to be making my own spending money; but there are so few ways of doing that unless I go away from home."

"We can't let you do that. There's enough for all, if we are careful."

"Take it out to Bridget," said her mother, as Janet gave her the money from her father.

"Twelve dollars! Dear me!" said Janet to herself, rather fretfully, as she walked slowly to the kitchen. "Bridget has earned it, and I don't grudge it to her, but how I wish I could earn twelve dollars!"

"Wirra, wirra!" Bridget sat on the floor, holding an open letter and rocking herself backward and forward with dismal groans. Pots, pans and kettles were around in their usual confusion. "It's meself must be lavin' yes the day, Miss Janet."

Servants were hard to find, and Janet's face wore the accustomed expression of dismay with which such notices were always received, as she asked, "What's the matter, Bridget?"

"It's me sister's got the fayver, bad an' it's meself must be going to her. An' it's six weeks entirely I'll be shtayin' when it's so far to be goin'."

As Janet handed her the money, a sudden thought came to her.

"I'm sorry for you, Bridget. Of course, you must go if you must. Perhaps we can get along without any one till you are ready to come back."

"Mother," she said, turning to her, "Bridget's going away for a few weeks." Mother's face grew as dismayed at Janet's had, for she was not strong, and there were four boys.

"An' please ye, ma'am, it's afther coming to try to get the place I am."

"What do you mean, Janet?" said her mother, laughing, as the young girl courtied low.

"You can't do it all, Janet."

"What I can't do I'll hire. I want to do something, and I want to get a little money I can feel is my own, and that I have a right to spend it if I want a new book or a bit of music or anything else. I can't get a school. There are forty applications where there is one vacancy. I can't get more than one or two music scholars. I can't dispose of fancy work or painting, and, if I could, I might dabble over them for a month and not clear more than Bridget does in a week, there are so many waiting to do that kind of work. Kitchen work is the only work there appears to be plenty of for girls."

"You may try it, but I think you will get tired of it."

Janet spent a good share of her first week's wages in buying gingham aprons, rubber gloves, and paying a stout woman to come for half a day to scrub and scour until the last traces of good-natured, slovenly Bridget's presence were removed. Then, with clean kitchen, clean utensils, and clean towels, Janet took hold of her work with a right good will.

"We'll all co-operate," said father, when he heard of her intention.

"We'll all co-operate," cried the boys; and they kept their word well in bringing wood and water and sweeping the walks. And after the first morning she found that Tom had made the fire and ground the coffee before she came down.

"There's great satisfaction in doing things thoroughly," said Janet to her mother, after the first day or two. "Before, when we have been without a girl, I have always hated it because I tried how much I could shove out of the way. Now, that I am making a business of it, I don't feel that way. And, mother, you would be astonished to see how little cleaning there is to be done when nobody makes any unnecessary dirt, or how much work can be saved by using your wits to save it."

She never told her mother how her

back ached during those first days of unusual exercise. This wore off as she became accustomed to it. Every day she learned more and more to simplify her work. A few minutes in the kitchen just before bed-time she arranged things so exactly to her hand that there was no hurrying or crowding at the busy time in the morning. Careful handling of table linen and other things made the wash smaller, so that the stout woman could do two weeks' wash in one. Janet found that there were few days in which she could not sit down when the dinner work was over. Other surprising things came to light.

"What's the matter that you don't burn any wood now-a-days?" said Tom; "I have so little splitting to do." Bridget, like so many of her sisterhood, had always seemed to consider it her bounden duty to keep up a roaring fire all day, regardless of whether there was need of it or not, and father always looked blank over the fuel bill. One-half the quantity was now found amply sufficient, and a difference was soon apparent in many other things. The food for one person is always noticeable in a small family, where a rigid hand must be kept on expenses, besides which, Janet was not slow in perceiving how many things went further than before. Odds and ends were utilized which had been thrown away or had counted for nothing, for no one felt afraid of scraps done over by Janet's hands.

"We never were so comfortable before," said father.

"We never had such good things to eat," declared the boys, who had highly appreciated the dainty, though plain cookery, as contrasted with Bridget's greasy preparations; for Janet, full of an honest determination to earn her wages, had given much attention to the getting up of palatable, inexpensive dishes, seeking a variety where Bridget had moved in one groove.

"I almost dread having Bridget come back," said mother.

But the time came when she was hourly expected. Mother sighed as she took note of the spotless kitchen, in which it was now pleasant to come and lend a hand at cookery, or sit with her knitting while Janet moved briskly about.

"It's time I was settling with you, Janet," she said. "Six weeks—I owe you \$18."

"No; six off for hiring Mrs. Holt, and a few other things."

"Not a bit off, dear; I've been looking over the bills for the month, and I find quite a difference; more than pays all your extras. Not only in meat and groceries and fuel, but I notice it in the wear and tear and breakage—dear me! I don't think \$5 a week covers the expense of Bridget being here."

"You don't, mother, dear?" said Janet, in great delight; "then you are not tired of your new girl and anxious to have Bridget back?"

"No, indeed!" said mother, fervently.

"Then she isn't coming back. I've found my way of earning, and I'm going to stick to it for a while. It isn't all pleasant, to be sure, but I don't know any kind of business that is. Only," she said, laughing, "I shall insist upon having my wages regularly paid as if I were Bridget. I shall clothe myself out of them, and so be saving dear old over-worked father about \$5 a week, if you are right in your calculations, mother."

"What will you do with Bridget when she comes?"

"Mrs. Whitcomb wants a girl, so she can go there."

"Oh, mother, dear! it's truly a real comfort to feel as if I were supporting myself. And I wonder why I never thought before how pleasant a way it is, this doing kind and pleasant things for you all."

And Janet worked on, feeling sure she had found her best way of securing her pocket-money in this expending of her energies for those she loved. How many daughters, restless and fretful for something to do, might find the same way blessed to themselves and to others in homes made bright and sweet by their faithful ministrations!—Unidentified.

Little Children in Japan.

The little children in Japan
Are fearfully polite:
They always thank their bread and milk
Before they take a bite,
And say, "You make us most content,
O honorable nourishment!"

The little children in Japan
Don't think of being rude,
"O noble, dear mamma," they say,
"We trust we don't intrude,"
Instead of rushing in to where
All day their mother combs her hair.

The little children in Japan
Wear mittens on their feet;
They have no proper hats to go
A-walking on the street;
And wooden stilts for overshoes
They don't object at all to use.

The little children in Japan
With toys of paper play,
And carry paper parasols
To keep the rain away;
And, when you go to see, you'll find
Its paper walls they live behind.

—Caroline MacCormack, in Harper's Magazine.

The Passing of Death.

M. A. B. COVAN.

"If a man keep my saying he shall never see death."

Inspiring thought! How sweet yet strange,
That in a moment we shall change,
Who live in Christ's embrace;
That all immortal we shall rise
With him to dwell in Paradise,
And see Him face to face.

Oh, blest assurance! Glorious hour!
Earth's dreadful Foe, bereft of power,
Lies prone beneath the feet
Of Him to whom all might is given
In earth, or hell, or highest heaven;
And we shall rise to greet,

Crowned saints and angels in the air,
And with the ransomed millions there,
Watch glowing worlds consume;
And hear creation's King proclaim,
While heaven re-echoes with his Name,
"Ye blessed ones, come home."

Then welcome, Death. Take thou the form
Of earthquake's shock—of Pelee's storm—
Or famine, fire, or flood;
Come in the pestilential breeze;
Or in the garb of pale disease;
Or stained with martyr's blood;

Take choice of means—there is no dread
To him whose life in Christ is hid;
Thy fiercest, direst breath
Shall only free from mortal stain—
From tears and sorrow, sin and pain;
Then welcome death.

The Savior comes. His look is bliss,
We feel thee not—'tis but a kiss,
That frees us from the strife;
And like the bird that, free-born, springs
From shell and nest on joyful wings,
We soar from death to life.

Going for Walks With God.

In his great sermon on "Enoch walked with God," Dr. G. Campbell Morgan gave the following beautiful illustration:

"A little child gave a most exquisite explanation of walking with God. She went home from Sunday-school, and the mother said, 'Tell me what you learned at school.' And she said: 'Don't you know, mother, we have been hearing about a man who used to go for walks with God. His name was Enoch. He used to go for walks with God. And, mother, one day they went for an extra long walk, and they walked on and on, until God said to Enoch, 'You are a long way from home; you had better just come in and stay.' And he went.' That was true. Enoch had become so familiar with God that he 'just went in and stayed.'"—Religious Telescope.

"It is not the deed we do,
Though the deed be never so fair,
But the love the dear Lord looketh for
Hidden with lowly care
In the heart of the deed so fair."

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- 8 pkgs. Grape Nuts.
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- 11 large bottles choice Tomato Catsup.
- 20 bars Frank Siddall's Soap.
- 1 pail Anchovies in brine.
- 8 pkgs. Shredded Wheat Biscuit.
- 8 pkgs. Lion Roast Coffee.
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RISE ABOVE LITTLENESS.

He who is not proof against slights and rebuffs is not of the stuff of which worthy workmen and heroes are made. The true man works from principle. He acts from a sense of duty. He is not indifferent to personal approval or favor, but if it is withheld, he goes on and does what the situation calls for independently and fearlessly. He does not whine and complain, or talk of the want of appreciation, but makes himself so useful and so necessary that even his critics are forced to acknowledge the worth of his character and service. It becomes all Christians to rise above all littleness and to humbly and self-sacrificingly do whatever comes to hand in the church in the community in a noble and Christian way.—The Presbyterian.

The only final comfort is God, and he relieves the soul always in its suffering, not from its suffering—nay, he relieves the soul by its suffering, by the new knowledge and possession of himself, which could only come through that atmosphere of pain.—Phillips Brooks.

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Horsford's Acid Phosphate in a glass of cool water, revives, strengthens and permanently benefits. Far better than lemonade.

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Sealed bids will be received until 7:30 p. m. Monday, September 1st, 1902, for the purchase of the pipe organ now in use in the First Congregational church, Oakland, Calif. Purchasers to remove organ from present location at their expense, and on or about November 1, 1902.

Address proposals to the Trustees First Congregational church, Oakland, Calif., endorsed, "Proposal for purchase of Pipe Organ."

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Alone with Jesus! How different a front would Christianity present to the world if the Lord's people were oftener there! What humility and gentleness and love would characterize all their dealings! What holiness stamped on every brow, that all might read! What calmness and resignation! joyful submission to all the Lord's dealings!

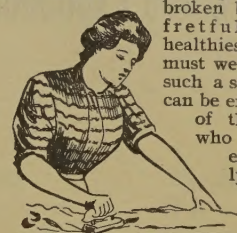
Be much "alone with Jesus!" Then will the passage to glory be one of sunshine, whether it be through the portals of the grave or through the clouds of heaven.—F. Whitfield.

Growth in the Christian life must follow the laws of growth everywhere. A plant in a dark cellar must either die or live a poor, feeble and dying life. It needs light; it needs sunshine. If you live in the dark cellar of your own nature, you will grow more and more feeble, until spiritual death succeeds to the long absence of spiritual life and power. If you live in the shadows of doubt, in the gloomy vales of misanthropy, in the dark dens of fault-finding and selfishness, you will lose all the light and joy, and finally the very life of the true believer. Come out into God's sweet sunshine. Eat the divine manna as given in the divine book. Exercise all the spiritual sympathies and muscles by following Christ, "who went about doing good."—R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

For the young converts the prayer-meeting is especially important. Without it there will be little or no spiritual growth for them. Their souls' eternal interests demand that they have weekly access to a live, heart-warming assembly of God's people, where they can secure the renewal of their spiritual strength by taking part in the exercises both in song, prayer, exhortation, and in the giving of their experiences. All live pastors realize this, and will not fail to provide such, as far as possible, for their new converts.

The 8 Hour Day

Which the working man has fought for and succeeded in obtaining is something the wife has no share in. Her day begins before his and ends long after it, as a rule, and many a night her rest is



broken by the baby's fretfulness. The healthiest woman must wear out under such a strain. What can be expected then of those women who are weakened by womanly diseases?

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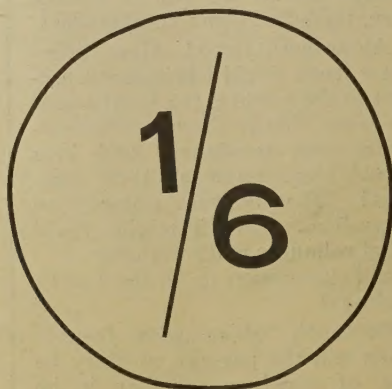
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